Democracy is Americanism. Nobody but a good American can be a good Democrat.

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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Home Rule for Cities.

The curse of New York politics has been centralized government at Albany. The Republican party, a minority in the principal cities of the State but usually controlling the Legislature and often the Governor, has undertaken to overrule the wishes of the people of the localities and poke the meddling fingers of State laws into municipal affairs for partisan advantage. City charters granted one year have been disfigured the next by partisan amendments attached against the protests of the people concerned.

All this ought to stop. The local affairs of a community concern nobody but the people of that community. City charters ought to be adopted by the vote of the cities themselves, and amended by the same authority. The Legislature should confine its work to general laws.

That is in line with the general principles of Democracy. The Democratic doctrine is that government should be kept as near as possible to the individual citizen. Whatever the individual can be safely allowed to do for himself should be left to him. What the town or city can do should not be usurped by the State. What the State can do should be respected by the nation. State rights, city rights and individual rights all have the same philosophical foundation, which is the principle of minding one's own business. Everything is better done by the person or persons immediately concerned than by some interloping outsider.

Home rule for cities, as one phase of Democracy, should have the united support of the Democratic legislators at Albany.

AN INVINCIBLE HOODOO.

"What did it?" This question is asked of Democrats by the New York World.

We shall partially answer the question.

Treacherous, skulking, false Democrats—among whom the World stands most prominent—DID it.

Cowardly, shuffling Democratic leaders, who rejected the great benefits of the war, fearing to trust the nation, repudiating the Democratic doctrine of expansion which Jefferson gave to the nation. They DID it.

Weak-kneed, shuffling, compromising Democracy, parent of a meaningless platform and a foolish, vapid campaign cry. That DID it.

The New York World claims to have dictated the miserable, half-baked platform on which the Democracy was sentenced to make its fight in this State. The shuffling, shambling, cowardly platform may well have had the World for a mother. As much as anything else, that platform, conceived in cowardice and born of irresolution, DID it.

The "support" of the New York World, a false, fawning friend in prosperity, a traitor and cur in defeat. That DID it.

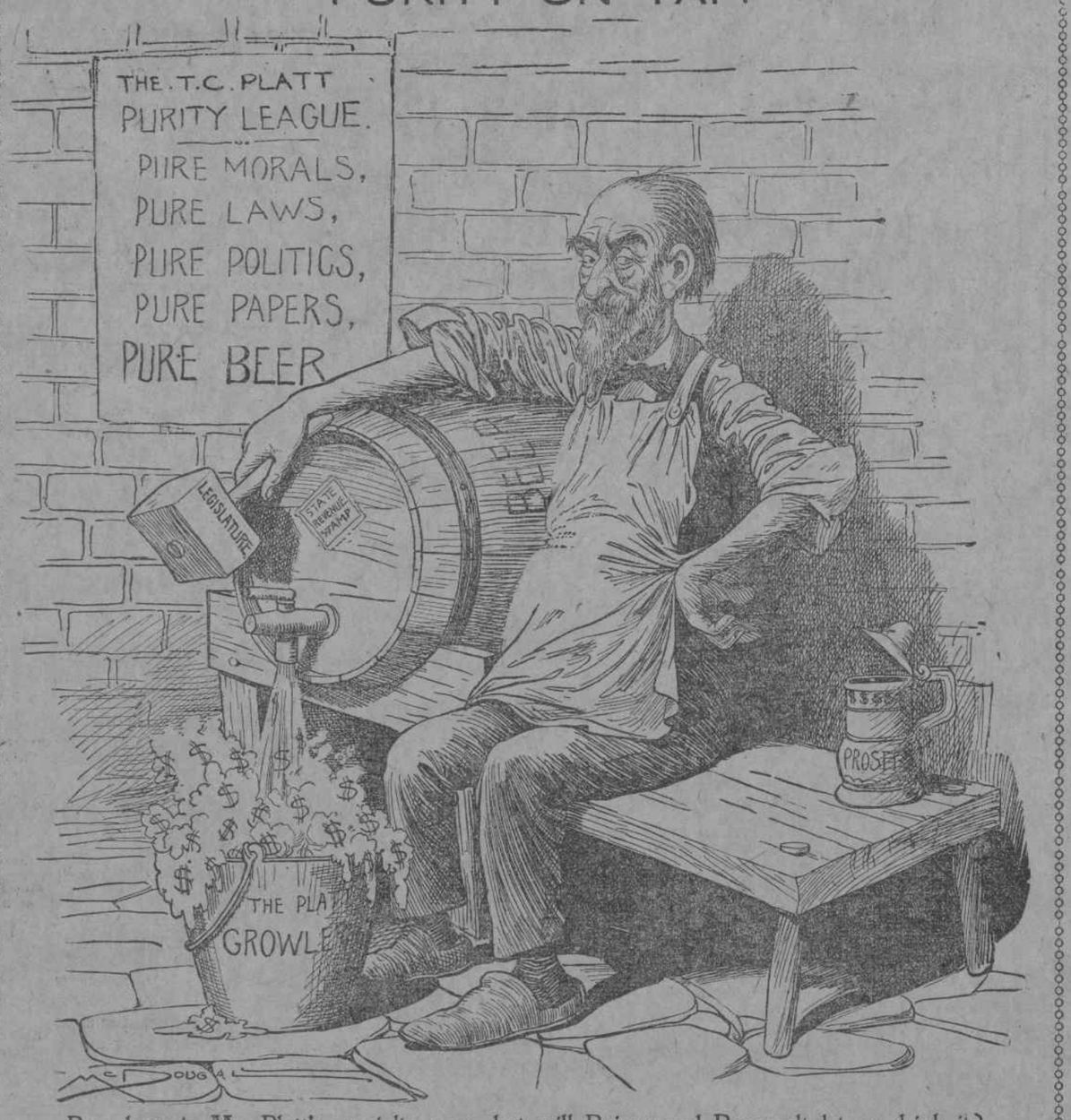
The Democratic candidate for Governor was "supported" by an invincible hoodoo called the New York World, and that DID him.

HAIL PLATT, PURIFIER OF BEER.

So Mr. Platt wants us to have pure beer. How good of him! We all want pure beer, too. Mr. Platt can't be any too rigid on that point. If anybody is making impure beer we want to know it. If Mr. Platt and his myrmidons can find any such culprit, Democrat, Republican or Prohibitionist, we trust that fines, visitations and reprimands will be unsparingly applied until a reformation is effected.

And when an assurance is obtained that every schooner drawn between Camp Wikoff and Chautauqua is filled with a liquid as virginal as the amber nectar of the gods we trust that Mr. Platt will allow the happy citizen to sit down and drink it without the apprehensions that were wont to be aroused by the approach of Police Commissioner Roosevelt.

PURITY ON TAP.



Pure beer is Mr. Platt's specialty now, but will Raines and Roosevelt let us drink it?

PINGREE: A DEMOCRAT IN THE WRONG PLACE.

It is a thousand pities he is not a Democrat, and probably no one appreciates that fact better than Pingree himself. He has had the dominant element in his own party to fight ever since he began his **political career.** He has been the butt of the Republican press of his own State and its vicinity, and has always had the Michigan Senators of his party to reckon with as enemies. Pingree has been more to Republicanism than Republicanism to Pingree.

In a dispatch to the Journal, published yesterday, Governor Pingree said:

"We had not only to fight the great corporations and tax dodgers, but, from some unknown reasons, **the people found the whole Federal machine arrayed against them,** and the returns indicate the most overwhelming victory the taxpayers of this State have ever won.

The success of this Michigan radical, hampered by political association with a party hostile to everything for which he stands, gives new strength to the Democratic maxim, "Trust the people." Governor Pingree holds the convictions now that he did in the days of his Detroit Mayoralty campaigns a decade ago. How different his position. Then he had the affection of the people but the contempt of the political leaders. His name was covered with ridicule in half the newspapers of the land—as that of any man sincerely devoted to a popular cause is sure to be. He had no newspaper support, and adopted the grotesque expedient of displaying the news and issues of his campaign on public blackboards. His associates on the platform and in the management of his campaign were men of the obscurer type—the great public figures in his party, the United States Senators, the corporation lawyers, the bank presidents, holding aloof from association with an "anarchist" and a "demagogue."

It is not in politics alone, nor in the Republican party only, that the champion of the people suffers ignominy at the hands of the possessors of privilege and the beneficiaries of monopoly. But it is not often that the reward of a good fight in a good cause is so complete and so impressive as Pingree's triumph. Good luck to him, but we wish he would either come over to Democracy or give us back the Democrats whom Don Dickinson and the other Cleveland emissaries in Michigan drove over to his side.

RICHARD CROKER'S VICTORY.

Various facts stand out clear and distinct at this moment, and here is one of them:

Richard Croker, the director of the local Democratic organization, won a great victory. He deserves credit from all and the thanks of Democrats who put interest in the party's welfare above petty personal squabbling.

The cowardly little newspapers which truckled to Tammany when they foresaw victory in the State now bully the organization and denounce Mr. Croker because the State has not been won. These are the newspapers that turned traitor in 1896, that fought the local Democratic party, thus helping it to victory in '97, and that through cowardice joined with the Democracy this year only to hoodoo it and then slander its leaders.

The Journal's interest is in Democracy and in Democratic principles, not in the individual Democratic leader. But it is impelled to do justice and give credit to a Democratic fighter who has won his fight.

As the head of Tammany Hall, Mr. Croker was responsible for victory in Greater New York. In the face of Roosevelt's war prestige, and of a war sentiment that has swept almost the entire country, Greater New York gave to the Democracy a majority of more than eighty thousand.

This victory was due primarily to the perfect Democratic organization that exists in this city. In that organization lies the hope of the New York State Democracy. From that organization must come the Democratic victory in 1900. Whatever their personal opinions, Democrats should give full credit to the leader who has maintained the organization's efficiency in the face of overwhelming odds.

Victory means and demands organization everywhere, in the army, in commerce and in politics. And the perfect organization of Greater New York's Democracy is the strongest reason for Democratic confidence in New York State.

Richard Croker made the best Democratic fight made anywhere in the country and against the greatest odds. And he won his fight. A few more men who can fight as well would do the party a lot of good if they would be so kind as to develop themselves.

Let dissatisfied Democrats blame the feeble platform which said nothing. Let them talk of the Republican shrewdness that made Republican politicians conspicuous in a glorious war. Let them denounce the foolish national leaders who threw away Democracy's share in the war and by opposing expansion confessed lack of confidence in the nation. Let them, if they will, kick the mean, scurvy, truckling little newspapers miscalled Democratic that attack their party whenever it needs support and cringe when it is powerful.

But give credit at least to the man whose organizing ability has kept the greatest city in the nation true to Democracy.

BACK TO TRUE DEMOCRACY.

The time is ripe for an assertion of the spirit of true Democracy throughout the nation. Have not the honest, patriotic, progressive masses of the Democratic party had enough of the small-souled leadership that has forsworn the principles of Jefferson, Jackson, Polk and Marcy and reduced the mighty organization that ruled the Republic for sixty glorious years to a helpless faction?

The Democracy can never prosper until it sloughs off the taint of obstructionism with which it became infected during the civil war and resumes the habits of initiative and positive action that it had in its days of power. Through all its history until the time of secession the Democracy was the party of energy, and of aggressive Americanism. It was its opponents—Federalists, Whigs and Republicans—that hesitated, quibbled and obstructed. The Democracy always held high the banner of the Republic, and never lost an honorable opportunity to extend the national power and the national boundaries.

It must resume its historical position. The Democracy as a party of mere obstruction is impossible. It must be in the front of the march of national progress. It must help to plant our flag in the East and West Indies; it must aid in the construction of a navy as mighty as our new responsibilities require; it must loyally support the construction of the Nicaragua Canal by the Government, and it must promote the development at West Point and Annapolis of universities great enough to supply all the trained officers required to maintain our national interests on land and sea.

Standing on such a policy the Democracy can hopefully appeal for the confidence of the American people, and it can never hope to win it with anything less.

SIXTEEN DEAD AT WILMINGTON and seven at Greenwood as a result of a "race war" tell a thought-compelling story of the horrors of a situation in which a community is divided against itself. The navy lost fewer men in the whole course of the war with Spain. Foreign war is merciful compared with the internecine strife in which enemies lurk around every corner.

VANISHED WITH THE LEAVES.

THE PASSING OF THE POLITICAL "WORKERS."

ONE of the inscrutable mysteries of the annual political Kilkenny cat fight is what becomes of the minor actors, the "supes," as it were, of the stirring drama. Before election the arena is crowded with the noisy, jostling gladiators, elbow to elbow in deadly combat, then in a twinkling they vanish, to appear no more until a year has flown.

What disposal is made of the silver-tongued, earnest, fiery or persuasive spellbinder after election? What happens to the genial, overdressed stakeholder who for a few brief days struts with claws full of bank notes and is the happy cynosure of all eyes, quoted in the dailies and followed by admiring, envious throngs? What becomes of the more or less seedy loafers who sit all day in the rooms at political headquarters from the beginning of the campaign until election day? Where go the numerous messengers who flit silently, with awed faces, from room to room; the office boys who wax pompous and insulting to the needy citizen who wants to know the latest cash quotations for votes; the door openers who majestically tell the visitor that so and so is busy within, or the clerks from Pen Yan or Painted Post who majestically bend cold, fishy eyes on the would-be cart-tail orators, adjust stiff celluloid collars and silently resume their fumbling of mysterious documents?

Gone, all gone in a breath, like last Summer's flowers and flies before the Winter blast, leaving no trace behind, only memories of sweet, happy days of brief importance. At that hour on election night when the horns begin to toot in joyous unison and the clarion calls of the victors vibrate in the air, and the defeated partisan gloomily slams down his tin trumpet and jumps on it, the political worker vanishes in the darkness. Next day a few damaged voices, hoarse to grittiness from long contact with night air, may betray the spellbinder, but that is all. On the dawn of the one day in the year on which a farmer blacks his boots, the spellbinder turns into something else.

Investigating the mystery reveals little data to guide the seeker after truth. Spellbinders are of three distinct classes. First come the leading politicians, great lawyers, railroad presidents and the like who owe a duty to the party in payment of honors bestowed, services rendered, or hoped-for dignities; second, young (or old) partisans, ardent patriots, who labor for love of party or the pleasure of thrilling the mob and arousing the bitterest passions or stirring their hearers to laughter or tears; third, the cold-blooded, fluent orator-for-cash-only, who is "out for the dust alone" and will talk only for the side paying the best prices for cart-tail eloquence, men of this latter class dealing in brands of forensic thunder and lightning from the polished diction of a Burke to the Bowery vituperation of a Connors, at so much per speech.

Many men, it is proved, take to politics and spellbinding simply as an excuse to stay out nights, but this class we pass by as unworthy of the scrutiny of the earnest student, being a disgrace to the sex and the profession.

A man came to my office yesterday with a voice that sounded like the echo of a telephone's whisper, and endeavored to induce me to purchase a "Life of Goethe" in thirty-nine volumes. He had been a spellbinder last week and in conversation with him I learned a moiety of knowledge. His brother, he said, did very well at the business, as he was a fish pedler by day and his voice was powerful and far-reaching. Some such vocation, he argued, was the best equipment for the campaign orator's profession, as it prepared and kept in-

Would You Do It for 50 Cents a Speech?

tuned the vocal cords. The numerous Rough Riders, or imitations, perhaps, had somewhat damaged trade this year and made it harder for the old professors, he said, as the speaker who could parrate in vivid, stirring sentences the charge up San Juan hill caught the crowd every time.

He said that nearly all the regular gang of cart-tail "talk-pushers" and "ghost-dancers" had other occupations and toiled during the day at them. One man, who is an embryo Demosthenes, is a lather and plasterer by trade and plays upon human emotions as on a fiddle nights at "one scad" per speech.

Actors make the best speakers. They know how to gesticulate and their gestures are all new and up to date. After a man has been laying bricks, for instance, or carrying around from door to door and demonstrating the beauties of Picket's patent combination family saving carpet-sweeper and potato-parer all day his gestures lack grace and fluency, no matter how fervid and soul-stirring his speech.

Out-of-door occupations are the best for the business. A piano tuner he was acquainted with, did very poorly, he thought, and another man who sold mouse traps during the day was a complete failure at eventide when he tried to move the crowd.

Auctioneers are the ones who reach most ears. They get the prices, too—auctioneers and hucksters, although the latter are generally ignorant men and not mentally equipped for the work except perhaps on the extreme East Side, where you only have to "holler" and call the opposition names.

On my remarking that they were well paid, he said:

"It's all very well to talk from a platform with a brass band and a seated audience, but you just try it from the tail of a rickety cart, with a horse hitched to it which starts for home every three minutes with a savage jerk, a gasolene flare swiping at your whiskers every time you turn your head, a lot of small boys blowing spitballs at you and an organ grinder playing 'A Hot Time in the Old Town' ten feet away, and see if you'd do it more'n once for fifty cents a speech."

WALT M'DOUGALL.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

"Jack was poor, and Clara persuaded me to marry him; she said a true woman always married for love."

"Well?"

"Then she went and fell in love with a rich man."—Chicago News.

SPANIARDS TWO.

By Stephen Crane.

Havana, Nov. 5.—Then there is General Pando. He claims to have found out by personal inspection absolutely everything concerning the army at Tampa. He ridicules it; calls it, in fact, an army of duffers; says our officers were so many wooden men. That is all very fine, but what did Pando do with all this wonderful information of his? Apparently what he did with it was to wait until the war was over and then use it as material for bolsterous and insulting talk in the American and English newspapers. It is plain that he did not use one of the invaluable facts to benefit his country during the war. He did not say to Toral: "Don't surrender; you are faced by a mere lot of incapable and illy provided people who will compass their own destruction if you give them a little time." In fact, what use did he make of his information, anyhow? None save in these uproarious and insolent interviews.

One does not expect a military spy to hold his own counsel until the war is over. Perhaps Pando did not do so. Perhaps he imparted his golden treasures to his comrades in arms. And what did they do with it? Where was this mine of information lost?

There is something wrong in this Pando game. Pando was undoubtedly a very genius of discovery and investigation, but he wandered into the woods somewhere and came out too late. In truth, Pando is but a soldier embittered because his side has been soundly whipped. After Waterloo, some of Napoleon's superb gray veterans wrote pamphlets proving that the English knew nothing of the art of war.

But Havana hears Pando. Pando was always known as the active fighting commander. Havana listens to his howl and grows more chagrined, more anxious to contend that Spain lost by a fluke, more angry.

The frenzy for not losing any single chance at a dollar displays itself in more wonderful ways than in a tax upon American ships bringing relief for the people of Cuba. Montoro, the chief of the treasury, has lately distinguished himself. Some Havana people projected a fair to be held at the Theatre Orajoa for the benefit of the hospitals which the Americans will establish for the sick among our troops. Although these hospitals are as remote and vague in point of time as the landing of a United States force here, yet these good people thought they would seize time by the hair and have a little fund all in readiness for the ailing boys in blue.

The response from the Cubans, from the Americans and from one or two straddling Spaniards was very hearty. Everything bloomed; it only remained for a committee to wait upon Montoro and gain his consent. But the gay Montoro at once announced to the committee when he saw it that they could hold the affair on condition that twenty-five per cent of the profits should go to the Government. Having recovered its composure with some difficulty the committee left him.

As far as goes the mere accident of birth Montoro is a Cuban, but even as the Tories of our Revolutionary War were usually too brutal for the stomachs of regular English troops, so this man is Cuba's most implacable and deadly foe. He and Fernando de Castro, the Civil Governor, another Cuban, will have to go to Spain when the change comes. They can't stay here. The Cubans are going to be very law-abiding, but it would be too bad to stuff these two rascals down their throats.

MR. CAINE AT THE WALDORF.

ALAN DALE IN AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

IT was a dark, drab, spirit-crushing morning (N. B.—I am referring to yesterday morning) and the heavens cried. It was the sort of morning when everything palls and you feel inclined to say "Vanitas vanitatum!" even though nobody should understand you. Yet it was the morning selected by Mr. Hall Caine for the delivering of a "spoken novel" to anybody willing to pay $2 at the Waldorf-Astoria's Astor Gallery for the boon. A "spoken novel" entitled "Home, Sweet Home" was the bait put forward, and in these days, when people are tired of editions de luxe at thirty-nine cents apiece, or three for a dollar, Mr. Caine probably thought that he was going to hit a nail right on the head. Imagine the novelty of sitting still, in a golden room, on a golden chair, and getting a novel by the author of "The Christian" soothingly administered to you!

It was a dark, a drab and a spirit-crushing morning, as I said before, but don't mind repeating. Into the Waldorf-Astoria's Astor Gallery rustled droves of dump ladies, who, later on in the day, would haunt the bargain counters of Twenty-third street. They had risen early, probably breakfasted hurriedly, and hastened to the big hotel, for their—may I call it hypodermic injection of novel? There was no joy on their faces, but plenty of evil, rainy-weather clothes on their backs. Umbrellas glistened wetly in their hands. Occasionally a coy but unmistakable mackintosh shimmered between the gold chairs.

The blinds in the Astor Gallery were closely drawn, out of deference to the gray feelings of Mr. Caine. The bunches of electric bulbs around the wall—placed so high that they looked like forbidden fruit—seemed sad, though yellow. Little melancholy ushers showed you to your golden chair, which shone like a sorry reminder of the futile pomp of life.

It was a dark, a drab, a spirit-crushing morning.

Mr. Caine came to the pulpit shortly after 11 o'clock, and leaning forward on a couple of elbows, surveyed with large, melancholy eyes the Adamless Eden before him. Everything was sad—even Major Pond's announcement. This declared that Mr. Caine's spoken novel, "Home, Sweet Home," had never been published, and would probably never be published. Never! Never! Never! The pathetic little word seemed to accord with the mood of the elements. I cried a little as I read it, being sensitive and readily moved.

It was a dark, a drab and a spirit-crushing morning.

After Mr. Caine had looked at us, as we sat there melancholy and wet, with cold feet and spirits below zero, his voice sprouted in the atmosphere. It sprouted and flourished. It was a soft, gentle voice, like unto that of a minister who is about to plead a great and merciful cause, and then ask for a collection. He alluded to the weather, and asserted with tearful jocularity that it was thoroughly English, and must have been turned on for his benefit. The Adamless Eden looked sympathetic, but this was not the cue for tears, and handkerchiefs remained in pockets while tears stayed unshed.

We were taken slowly and lugubriously toward the unbound novel that Mr. Caine will never publish. He made a few remarks tending gracefully to belittle his story by the suggestion that it had appeared in the literature of most nations. Then he looked at us to see how we were feeling and—sailed away with us, on the dark, drab, spirit-crushing morning.

There were cataracts of tears in his solemn, hopeless voice as he told us the story of Larry and Lucy, and Mr. Crow. Larry and Lucy were married, but he was a ne'er do well, and she—well, she was his wife. They had one daughter—a girl. Mr. Crow, who had loved Lucy in the old days, appeared at the auction sale of Larry's home and bought it in. Then he made arrangements to send Larry away on an endless whaling (not wailing, if you please) expedition, and offered the home to Lucy.

Mr. Caine in slow, pathos-trimmed tones, intoned the futility of the whole thing. Lucy, horrified at Mr. Crow's perfidy, told her husband all about it, and he, meeting Mr. Crow, fought him and accidentally killed him. It was a dark, horrid night, and we shuddered at the thought of it. The murder was done. Crow lay stark and killed, waiting to be discovered. Larry's only chance was the whaling expedition. He kissed the faithful Lucy and set forth, before his crime could be discovered.

Then time passed—dark, drab, spirit-crushing years. Larry was on the seas near Greenland, and was the captain of a whaler. His identity was lost, and he was known merely as Jan. There he was on the desolate seas, never, never, never able to go home or to hear a word from the loved ones. Desolation and never-ness came mellifluously from Mr. Caine's utterances. The Adamless Eden drew forth handkerchiefs and sniffed. It was all ineffably mournful.

What a dark, drab, spirit-crushing morning it was!

Mr. Caine went on. One day there came to this Jan, now fifty-five years old, a young lad, a nice, genial young lad. He was from the old home—the sweet, sweet home, though ever so humble, and so on. The old whaler questioned him, and he answered. Larry's wife was dead ten years ago, and the mystery of her husband was unsolved. He—the young lad—was engaged to marry Larry's daughter—a girl, as I said before. And the old man was sad, and he fainted. And once more the Adamless Eden cried, and Mr. Caine's throat grew husky—and the morning was darker, and drabber, and spirit-crushinger than ever!

The time came for the lad to return. He bade a fond, tearful goodby to old Jan, whose identity he never suspected, and sailed away. Jan remained on the desolate sea—that desolate, desolate sea! The spirit moved him to return to his old home, and see his daughter, now wedded to the boy he had met, and also to look upon the churchyard, and the old church, and his father's monument in the market place, and the old inn. Everything was old, and never-again-ish.

Mr. Caine made a beautiful pause at this point. Even those who were crying thought that it was time to go home, but it wasn't. The novel-speaker was to end his sorrowful story. Old Jan went back and landed in the old village, white-haired and subdued. He went to his daughter's house, and found her with a baby in her arms. The baby "took to him" immediately, and Mr. Caine told us how he said "Ickle boy!" to the child, and how the child replied, "I love 'oo." At this, the Adamless Eden simply sweltered in tears. The old man gave the boy his watch—his tick-tick—and the future was harrowing.

And then came discoveries. The husband and wife put facts in cold association, and came to the conclusion that Jan was the child's grandfather. They begged him to stay with them forever and forever, but he knew that he was dying. And then, with Easter prayers ringing in his ears, I believe he died, and the story came to an end.

The Adamless Eden filed out of the Astor Gallery into the dark, drab, spirit-crushing morning. Mr. Caine left the pulpit grateful, but tired, and I would have given five dollars to anybody who could have made me laugh. It was what I call a cheerful, little 11 o'clock entertainment—something to drive you back to the downy couch you had left.

ALAN DALE.

P. S.—According to Major Pond, the Edinburgh Scotsman, in a two-column criticism, pronounced this "entertainment" to be "the best acting to be seen on the stage." Give me May Irwin in one column. A. D.